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THE BELDING BANNER-NEWS MAGAZINE SECTION

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1918

Honored Departing Member.

The Hook and Needle club gave a picnic supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Hall, Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. H. P. McElroy, one of their members, who leaves soon for Jackson, her new home. A splendid Hooverized supper was served and everybody had a good time and greatly enjoyed themselves. All regret to see Mrs. McElroy leave this city.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Belding Building & Loan association will be held on Monday evening, September 16, 1918, at 8 o'clock for the purpose of electing three directors and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before said meeting. Geo. E. Wagner, Secretary.

Hot Blast Air Tight Florence Heaters

Are the Cheapest Heating Stoves to Buy

In choosing a Heating Stove you should be careful not to confine "Price and Value". "Price" is what you put into a stove. "Value" is the amount and quality you get out of it.

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AND THEY GET IT



The Stoves will pay for themselves out of their own Savings. Come in before you buy, we will be glad to talk it over with you.

T. Frank Ireland Co.

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"We Never Sleep"



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for your

Clocks and Watches

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Geo. W. Thomas

Jeweler and Optometrist
Established 1900

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

It's no longer necessary to go into the details describing the practical merits of the Ford car—everybody knows all about "The Universal Car." How it goes and comes day after day and year after year at an operating expense so small that it's wonderful. This advertisement is to urge prospective buyers to place orders without delay as the war has produced conditions which may interfere with normal production. Buy a Ford car when you can get one. We'll take good care of your order—get your Ford to you soon as—and give the best in "after-service" when required.

WISE & COBB

Phone 114

Belding, Michigan.



"OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

© 1917 BY
ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II.—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "cooties."

CHAPTER III.—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German Fokker circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV.—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V.—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI.—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

CHAPTER VII.—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

While they are talking, an old Jew named Ike Cohenstein comes along, and Abe engages him for cashier. After engaging Ike they meet an old Southern negro called Sambo, and upon the suggestion of Ike he is engaged as porter. Then the three of

"her" sleeves rolled up and the sweat pouring from "her" face unloading shells from a motor lorry.

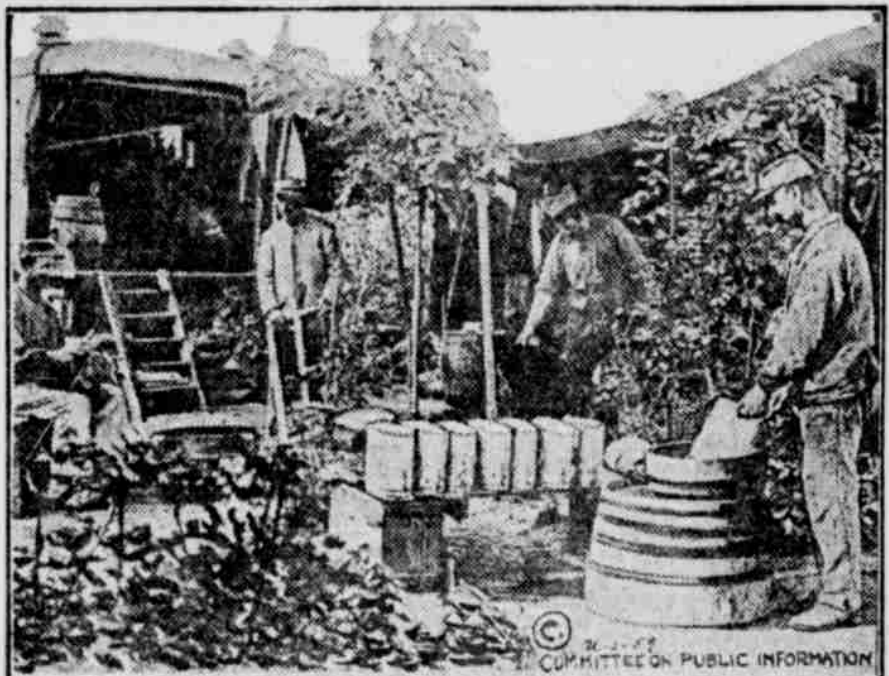
As our section passed her I yelled out: "Hello, Flossie; Blighty—What Hopes?" Her reply made our love die out instantly.

"Ah, go to h—!" This brought quite a laugh from the marching column directed at me, and I instantly made up my mind that our sketch should immediately run in opposition to "Blighty—What Hopes?"

When we returned to our billet from the march, Curley Wallace, my theatrical partner, came running over to me and said he had found a swanky place in which to produce our show.

After taking off my equipment, and followed by the rest of the section, I went over to the building he had picked out. It was a monstrous barn with a platform at one end which would make an ideal stage. The section got right on the job, and before night had that place rigged out in apple-pie order.

The next day was Sunday and after



Preparing the "Chow."

them, arm in arm, leave to take possession of this wonderful palace which Abe has just paid \$5,000 for. (Curtain.)

In the second act the curtain rises on the interior of the Diamond Palace saloon, and the audience gets its first shock. The saloon looks like a pigpen, two tramps lying drunk on the floor, and the bartender in a dirty shirt with his sleeves rolled up, asleep with his head on the bar.

Enter Abe, Sambo and Ike, and the fun commences.

One of the characters in the second act was named Broadway Kate, and I had an awful job to break in one of the Tommies to act and talk like a woman.

Another character was Alkali Ike, an Arizona cowboy, who just before the close of the play comes into the saloon and wrecks it with his revolver.

We had eleven three-hour rehearsals before I thought it advisable to present the sketch to the public.

The whole brigade was crazy to witness the first performance. This performance was scheduled for Friday night and everyone was full of anticipation; when bang! orders came through that the brigade would move at two that afternoon. Cursing and blinding was the order of things upon the receipt of this order, but we moved.

That night we reached the little village of S— and again went into rest billets. We were to be there two weeks. Our company immediately got busy and scoured the village for a suitable place in which to present our production. Then we received another shock.

A rival company was already established in the village. They called themselves "The Bow Bells," and put on a sketch entitled, "Blighty—What Hopes?" They were the divisional concert party.

We hoped they all would be soon in Blighty to give us a chance.

This company charged an admission of a franc per head, and that night our company went en masse to see their performance. It really was good.

I had a sinking sensation when I thought of running my sketch in opposition to it.

In one of their scenes they had a soubrette called Flossie. The soldier that took this part was clever and made a fine-appearing and chic girl. We immediately fell in love with her until two days after, while we were on a march, we passed Flossie with

church parade we put all our time on a dress rehearsal, and it went fine.

I made four or five large signs announcing that our company would open up that evening at the King George the Fifth theater, on the corner of Anno Street and Sandbag terrace. General admission was one-half franc. First ten rows in orchestra one franc, and boxes two francs. By this time our printed programs had returned from London, and I further announced that on the night of the first performance a program would be given free of charge to men holding tickets costing a franc or over.

We had an orchestra of seven men and seven different instruments. This orchestra was excellent, while they were not playing.

The performance was scheduled to start at 6 p. m.

At 5:15 there was a mob in front of our one entrance and it looked like a big night. We had two boxes each accommodating four people, and these we immediately sold out. Then a brilliant idea came to Ike Cohenstein. Why not use the rafters overhead, call them boxes, and charge two francs for a seat on them? The only difficulty was how were the men to reach these boxes, but to Ike this was a mere detail.

He got long ropes and tied one end around each rafter and then tied a lot of knots in the ropes. These ropes would take the place of stairways.

We figured out that the rafters would seat about forty men and sold that number of tickets accordingly.

When the ticketholders for the boxes got a glimpse of the rafters and were informed that they had to use the rope stairway, there was a howl of indignation, but we had their money and told them that if they did not like it they could write to the management later and their money would be refunded; but under these conditions they would not be allowed to witness the performance that night.

After a little grousing they accepted the situation with the promise that if the show was rotten they certainly would let us know about it during the performance.

Everything went lovely and it was a howling success, until Alkali Ike appeared on the scene with his revolver loaded with blank cartridges. Behind the bar on a shelf was a long line of bottles. Alkali Ike was supposed to start on the left of this line and break six of the bottles by firing at them with his revolver. Behind these bottles a

piece of painted canvas was supposed to represent the back of the bar, at each shot from Alkali's pistol a man behind the scenes would hit one of the bottles with his entrenching tool handle and smash it, to give the impression that Alkali was a good shot.

Alkali Ike started in and aimed at the right of the line of bottles instead of the left, and the poor boob behind the scenes started breaking the bottles.

I spent a week trying to teach some of the Tommies how to play poker, but because I won thirty-five francs they declared that they didn't "fawney" the game.

Tommy plays few card games; the general run never heard of poker, euchre, seven up, or pinochle. They have a game similar to pinochle called "Royal Bezique," but few know how to play it.

Generally there are two decks of cards in a section, and in a short time they are so dog-eared and greasy, you can hardly tell the ace of spades from the ace of hearts. The owners of these decks sometimes condescend to lend them after much coaxing.

So you see, Mr. Atkins has his fun mixed in with his hardships, and, contrary to popular belief, the rank and file of the British army in the trenches is one big happy family. Now in Virginia, at school, I was fed on old McGuffy's primary reader, which gave me an opinion of an Englishman about equal to a 78 Minute Man's backed up by a Sinn Feiner's. But I found Tommy to be the best of mates and a gentleman through and through. He never thinks of knocking his officers. If one makes a costly mistake and Tommy pays with his blood, there is no general condemnation of the officer. He is just pitied. It is exactly the same as it was with the Light Brigade at Balaklava, to say nothing of Gallipoli, Neuve Chapelle and Loos. Personally I remember a little incident where twenty of us were sent on a trench raid, only two of us returning, but I will tell this story later on.

I said it was a big happy family, and so it is, but as in all happy families, there are servants, so in the British army there are also servants, officers' servants, or "O. S." as they are termed. In the American army the common name for them is "dog robbers." From a controversy in the English papers, Winston Churchill made the statement, as far as I can remember, that the officers' servants in the British forces totaled nearly two hundred thousand. He claimed that this removed two hundred thousand exceptionally good and well-trained fighters from the actual firing line, claiming that the officers, when selecting a man for servant's duty, generally picked the man who had been out the longest and knew the ropes.

But from my observation I find that a large percentage of the servants do go over the top, but behind the lines they very seldom engage in digging parties, fatigues, parades or drills. This work is as necessary as actually engaging in an attack, therefore I think it would be safe to say that the all-round work of the two hundred thousand is about equal to fifty thousand men who are on straight military duties. In numerous instances, officers' servants hold the rank of lance-corporals and they assume the same duties and authority of a butler, the one stripe giving him precedence over the other servants.

There are lots of amusing stories told of "O. S."

One day one of our majors went into the servants' billet and commenced "blinding" at them, saying that his horse had no straw and that he personally knew that straw had been issued for this purpose. He called the lance-corporal to account. The corporal answered, "Blime me, sir, the straw was issued, but there wasn't enough left over from the servants' beds; in fact, we had to use some of the 'ay to 'elp out, sir."

It is needless to say that the servants dispensed with their soft beds that particular night.

Nevertheless it is not the fault of the individual officer, it is just the survival of a quaint old English custom. You know an Englishman cannot be changed in a day.

But the average English officer is a good sport. He will sit on a fire step and listen respectfully to Private Jones' theory of the way the war should be conducted. This war is gradually crumbling the once insurmountable wall of caste.

You would be convinced of this if you could see King George go among his men on an inspecting tour under fire, or pause before a little wooden cross in some shell-tossed field with tears in his eyes as he reads the inscription. And a little later perhaps bend over a wounded man on a stretcher, patting him on the head.

More than once in a hospital I have seen a titled Red Cross nurse fetching and carrying for a wounded soldier, perhaps the one who in civil life delivered the coal at her back door. Today she does not shrink from lighting his bag or even washing his grimy body.

Tommy admires Albert of Belgium because he is not a pusher of men; he leads them. With him it's not a case of "take that trench," it is "come on and we will take it."

It is amusing to notice the different characteristics of the Irish, Scotch and English soldiers. The Irish and Scotch are very impetuous, especially when it comes to bayonet fighting, while the Englishman, though a trifle slower,

thoroughly does his bit; he is more methodical and has the grip of a bulldog on a captured position. He is slower to think; that is the reason why he never knows when he is licked.

Twenty minutes before going over the top the English Tommy will sit on the fire step and thoroughly examine the mechanism of his rifle to see that it is in working order and will fire properly. After this examination he is satisfied and ready to meet the Boches.

But the Irishman or Scotchman sits on the fire step, his rifle with bayonet fixed between his knees, the butt of which perhaps is sinking into the mud—the bolt couldn't be opened with a team of horses it is so rusty—but he spits on his sleeve and slowly polishes his bayonet; when this is done he also is ready to argue with Fritz.

It is not necessary to mention the colonials (i.e. Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders), the whole world knows what they have done for England.

The Australian and New Zealanders is termed the "Anzac," taking the name from the first letters of their official designation, Australian and New Zealand army corps.

Tommy divides the German army into three classes according to their fighting abilities. They rank as follows: Prussians, Bavarians and Saxons.

When up against a Prussian regiment it is a case of keep your napper below the parapet and duck. A hang-bag all the time and a war is on. The Bavarians are little better, but the Saxons are fairly good sports and are willing occasionally to behave as gentlemen and take it easy, but you cannot trust any of them overlong.

At one point of the line the trenches were about thirty-two yards apart. This sounds horrible, but in fact it was easy, because neither side could shell the enemy's front-line trench for fear shells would drop into their own. This eliminated artillery fire.

In these trenches when up against the Prussians and Bavarians, Tommy had a hot time of it, but when the Saxons "took over" it was a picnic; they

(Continued Next Week)

Nummer Family Reunion.

The first Nummer family reunion was held in the beautiful grove on the Mrs. O. A. Nummer farm just south and east of this city on Labor day and as an outcome of this meeting it is planned to make it a regular and annual event. There were 55 present, they being descendants of G. C. Nummer, who emigrated to this country from his birthplace at Saxgoethe, Germany, and settled, eventually in Easton township, where he resided until the time of his death in 1908. An organization was perfected and the following officers were elected: President, LeRoy Nummer, sec.-treas., Lettie Nummer. Those present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Rowley and children and George Ward, wife and daughter of Ionia, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wood and children and Mr. and Mrs. Vethy Wood and children of Muskegon, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gilmore and children and Miss Alta Wood of Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Elter Rhodes and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Rowley and LeRoy Nummer of Grand Rapids, Fred Nummer of Lowell, Leon Nummer and children of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Munn and children of Reed City and Lee and Russell Nummer, together with their wives and children of Alma. It was voted to hold the 1919 reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Rowley at Riverside Park, Ionia.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills for constipation. Connell's Drug Store; Wortley & French.—Adv.

GOVERNMENT RULING

"I do hereby pledge myself not to use, or so far as lies within my power, permit the use of any stock, now or which may hereinafter come into my possession or control save, first, for essential uses, as that term may be defined from time by the priorities division of the Industries Board, or, second, under permits in writing signed by the Director of Steel Supply; that I will make no sale or delivery from my stock to any customer before his filing with me a similar pledge in writing, and that I will use my utmost endeavor to prevent the hoarding of stocks and to insure that they be distributed solely for essential uses."

This pledge must be signed by owner or officer of Company.

Signed, Belding Hardware Co.

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